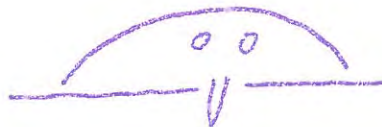


Die Schuldigkeit des
Ersten und
Vornehmsten Gebotes

K. 35



Number Five

16 October 1971

DIE SCHULDIGKEIT DES ERSTEN UND VORNEHMSTEN GEBOTES is a Grendel Press magazine edited and published by Conrad von Metzke. Please note that all correspondence, moves, press, etc., must hereinafter be sent to:

Grendel Press
P.O. Box 8342
San Diego, CA. 92102

The phone number remains unchanged at (714) 239-1574.

Deadlines from now on will fall on Wednesday. This is to allow me to maintain a three-week schedule (I am attending classes Mon/Tue/Wed).

And my typewriter has developed another quirk - the shift lock is out of commission - which requires that moves will be printed from now on in lower case. All of them. The ones that fail will be underscored.

THE POETRY CONTEST

Due to a terrific interest in the Poetry Contest, the editor has consulted with the Italian player and caused the following revisions in the rules:

1. Anyone may enter, player or not.
2. The deadline for submission of entries will be Issue #7, which means six weeks more or less. That issue will contain the ballot for voting (only players may vote). Issue #8 will contain ballot results and any necessary runoff ballots. Issue #9 will make final winner declarations and will reprint the winning entries.

1971-BA (what else?) - Spring 1902 moves

AUSTRIA (Manogg): a vic (h). a ser-gre. a bud-ser. a tri-alb. f gre-ion.

ENGLAND (Barrows): a nwy-den. f nth (c) nwy-den. f nwg-nwy. f lon-ec.

FRANCE (Peery): a bur (s) spa-mar. a spa-mar. a par (s) bur. f mar-glyo. f por-spa so.

GERMANY (Just): a kie-den. a ruh-pie. a mun (s) ruh-pie. f bel-nth.

ITALY (Walker): a pie-tyo. a ven (s) pie-tyo. f nap-ion. f tun-wmed.

RUSSIA (Ward): a mos-stp. a stp-fin. a sev-ukr. a ukr-fum. f rum-

sev. f snc (s) gar his-dens.
TURKEY (Ver Bloeg): a con-bul. a bul-wre. f bla (s) con-bul. f smy-
seg.

POPOCORN SIZZY AFTER MERRY-GO-ROUND,
ENGLAND ENDANGERED, GERMANS BLUNK GEOGRAPHY, AND
VARIOUS OTHER IDIOLES....

There are no retreats. Notice that headlines following instead of
preceding the moves have an air of finality otherwise missing therefrom.

The deadline for Fall 1968 Moves is Wednesday, November 10, 1971.

CURRENT ROSTER * (10 Oct. 1971)

Players:

Barrows, Daniel S. - Box 448, Chula Vista, CA. 92013.
Just, Eric - Box 181, Paoli, OK. 73074.
Manogg, Harry - Box 789, Kankakee, IL. 60801.
Peery, Lawrence W. - 818 24th St., San Diego, CA. 92102.
Ver Bloeg, Brenton - 520 Parker, #202, San Francisco, CA. 94118.
Walker, Rodney G. - 5058 Hawley Blvd., San Diego, CA. 92116.
Ward, Robert J. - 8665 Florin Road, Sacramento, CA. 95828.

Subscribers and Misc. (Number after name indicates last ish on sub):

Alderson, Dan - 6720 Day St., Tujunga, CA. 91042.
Buchanan, Walter - RR #3, Lebanon, IN. 46052.
Cox, Charles - 2202 W. 154th St., Gardena, CA. 90249. (14)
Hidalgo, Charles - Chess House, 143 W. 72d St., New York, N.Y. 10025. (14)
Linden, William E. - 83-33 Austin St., Kew Gardens, N.Y. 11415. (24)
McCallum, J.A. - Box 52, Ralston, Alberta, Canada.
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Rm 12815
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Pandin, Anthony - 10406 Shaker Blvd., Cleveland, OH. 44104. (24)
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10035. (14)
Pulsipher, Lewis - 321-A Twin Towers, Albion, MI. 49224. (14)
Van Andel, Robert - 749 Thomas St., S.E., Grand Rapids, MI. 49503. (24)
White, W. Gerald - Middle East Res. Div., Rm. 7, 614 S.W. Montgomery,
Portland, OR. 97201. (14)

Note - All subscriptions received to date and listed above commence
with Issue #5 - the current number. Issues 2-4 are a free bonus. (#1
is long since out of print.) Any errors in the above should be promptly
communicated to me. Also, if anyone is missing issues 2,3, or 4, I can
supply back issues free. (While supply lasts.)

Subscription rates - 10 issues for \$1., third class. Back issues
as available, 10¢ each.

POETRY ENTRIES

The Game Master accepts responsibility for categorizing poems entered in said contest. Protests should be directed to him.

The following entries are herewith announced, which have been previously published:

Eric Just - Limerick (category c) appearing in Issue 2 and beginning, 'A youngish musician....'

Conrad von Metzke - Limerick (category c) appearing in Issue 2 and beginning, 'A ludicrous poet....'

Eric Just - Limerick (category c) appearing in Issue 3 and beginning, 'A young prostitute....'

Eric Just - Limerick (category c) appearing in Issue 4 and beginning, 'A young man named....'

Conrad von Metzke - Limerick (category c) appearing in Issue 4 and beginning, 'A purported musician....'

Current entries:

Category h - Brenton Ver Floeg

PERFECTLY

Oh, the platypie, what a lovely bird,
Larger than a Turkish kurd,
But smaller than a Russian turd,
Less smelly than an English murd.

Category i - Brenton Ver Floeg

QUEEN SARAL-ALLENRA'S GREAT DILEMMA

Oh, I wish I had an Oscar Meyer Wiener,
In me it would truly like to be.
But if the Oscie Wienio it was in me,
Where oh where would I ever find to pee?

Category i - Brenton Ver Floeg

Don't poo-poo Ver Floeg,
For if you do
He'll bite you through
And chomp and chew
And swallow you.
But if you don't...don't think he won't.

and now if you turn the page, more of this crud will reek....

Category c - Brenton Ver Bloeg

TO ELMIE THE EVERIL ONOMESMASTER

When singing songs of scariness,
Of Bloddyness and Harriness,
I-feel-obligated-at-this-moment-to-remind-you
Of the most ferocious creature of all,
6,000 knives and sharpens 'em all,
The squishy-squashy Harrowswall
...That's standing right behind you.
- (with a tip to Uncle Shelby)

Category c - Brenton Ver Bloeg

HARRY, THE WOMAN WITH RAIRS

A leage rock dealer, Harry,
His hand he thought he would marry.
"I love how it squirm,
"It's so noble and firm."
And now he's a rep as a fairy.

Category c - Brenton Ver Bloeg

PHOO ON VER BLOO

A crazy young Dutchman named Pluggie
His neighbors he vowed to insultie.
He jibed 'em, and yelled,
"Ya can awl go ta hell,"
And his grave, alas, is half-duggie.

Category i - Eric Just

Roses are grinn green
Violets are pink.
My color TV
Is on the blink.

Category f - Eric Just

Bachara, Chairman John -
His glory's come and gone.
His policy when all was said and done
Turned out as "All for one, and one for one."

...Kiss him with your lips, and you'll be a man.

Category h - Eric Just

THE HORSE

The horse is a creature of great renown.
It comes in white and grey and brown.
I never have seen a horse in yeller;
That would be a horse of a diff'rent color.
Horses pull wagons, carts and plows;
Horses run races and horses herd cows.
And a monstrous wooden equine dummy
Once carried Greeks inside his tummy.

Category f - Carol Ann Buchanan

A man we know is JJB
And what a paranoid is he.
It's quite apparent he thinks he's God,
Yet he goes and blames it all on Rod!

Category d - Carol Ann Buchanan

Said JB to his friend Boardman,
"Let's take a short logic course if we can."
Their wise old professor yelled, "You're a reject!
"I give you the facts, but you change the subject!"

Category d - Bill Linden

When William the Oranger
Kenn'd the "Rhyme to Porringen"
It was instantly banned
In every county of the land.

Category d - Bill Linden

Willem Van Nassau
Never visited Passau.
He wished that he could give a knock
To every bloody Wittelsbach.

Category d - Robert Ward

Rodney Walker
Is quite a talker.
He'll go far-a
To bug Beshara!?

Category d - Daniel S. Barrows

EMULOUS

Ambitious Prince Billy Orange
Didn't act silly, or hinge
His vast desires on luck;
But to England he straightaway struck.

Category d - Robert Word

Eric Just
Really must
Guard his back,
As English attack.

There is one more entry from past issues - the clerihew in #4 written by Conrad von Mewsko which appears beneath CHESS NUTS and begins "John Beckers...." It is entered in Category F.

A couple of short editorial notes. Most of you clerihew-writers are not titling your works. They are supposed to be titled with one word, an adjective or an adverb. (It is not required that this be done, but it is not strictly a pure clerihew if it is not that way.)

Also, I see that two people picked up the challenge of rhyming 'orange,' and coincidentally used the same subject in doing so. After his entry, Ian Barrows adds, "Now tell me something else that is impossible." Okay - it is impossible for you to win this contest with just one entry.

The editor herewith adds one category to the list: Category J - A limerick or clerihew on Haydn (Franz Josef or Johann Michael, and the first names of both may or may not be dropped, as you wish).

And Carol Ann Buchanan's second entry (preceding page, entered in Category d, is not quite properly an item for Category f, in which I think it was supposed to go. A clerihew must include one line ending with the name of the protagonist. (I have loosely interpreted this to include initials, forms of the name, etc., but - however logical it might seem - I cannot go so far as to stretch it to 'Boardman.'

And finally, you will get to read an entry in Category c, written by Lou Curtiss. It really ought to be six entries, but since the various segments of the whole are inseparable, I list it as one.

There was a young fellow from Sparta,
A really magnificent farter.

On the strength of one bean
He'd fart 'God Save the Queen'
And Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata. -

He could vary, with proper persuasion,
His fart to suit any occasion.

He could fart like a flute,
Like a lark, like a lute -
This highly fartistic Caucasian.

He was great in the Christmas Cantata;
He could double-stop-fart the Toccata.
 He'd boon from his ass
 Bach's B Minor Mass
And, in counterpoint, La Traviata.

Spurred on by a very high wager
With an envious German named Beger,
 He proceeded to fart
 The complete oboe part
Of the Haydn Octet in F Major.*

It went off in capital style
And he farted it through with a smile.
 Then, feeling quite jolly,
 He tried the finale,
Blowing double-stop farts all the while.

The selection was tough, I admit,
But it did not dismay him one bit.
 Then, with ass thrown aloft,
 He suddenly coughed,
And collapsed in a shower of shit.

* A slight error of fact here; the 'Haydn' Octet in F Major was composed by Paul Hrenitzky, as recent scholarship by H.C. Robbins Landon has unequivocally demonstrated.

Old soldiers never die - just young ones.

At this point in my typing I opened today's mail and discovered a new subscriber - John Ostapkovich, 3520 Chimney Swift Drive, Huntingdon Valley, Pennsylvania 19006. (14)

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On the next page we will proceed to the regular press releases. First, a word from our sponsor, namely Grendel Press. Friends, do you have any idea what a really first-rate Diplomacy newsletter can be? Not if you subscribe to any of our 'zines, you don't. Take COSTAGUANA, one of the oldest in the business. And take it far, far away.

But your troubles don't stop there. Also available are MONGO, FIDGELY, DIES IRAN, STAB, CASCADIA, and a soon-to-be-announced all-Canadian 'zine. And you can get them all on subscription for just \$1. Yes, that's all you throw away for an indefinite subscription (guaranteed minimum 15 issues or 1 year, of each). So now that you know, go subscribe to the New York Times.



EMPHIS: Walker, I don't know that you suggested England and Germany attack me, but I suspect. So if you didn't you had better start talking fast to talk them out of it. If you did you'd better start praying because I'm going to skin you alive! And that will be fun!

Other press releases are in abeyance because I'm too hot, too tired, and too busy to think of anything to write about. However, the famed Tintoretto Verrocelli painting, The Naked Lucrezia Borgia, is now on display at New Peenhaus!

JAHUL: This cultural wonderland's internationally-known art critic, Miss Ann Thrope, reported yesterday by pigeon that her recent visit to see The Naked Lucrezia Borgia at New Peenhaus (which is the work-room of Harry's Auto supply) established the painting as "a crude piece of trash. It has nothing whatsoever to recommend it except its advanced state of decay, which, as a matter of fact, may not be attributable to age at all. It looks most of all like a horror flick still superimposed onto a nudie erudie poster. I mean, I can understand that Tintoretto was poor, but he could surely have found a more satisfactory medium than stolen cheap stick on wined paper. And talk about egotism! I just can't believe that Lucrezia Borgia was shaped like the artist's initials."

ROMA (15 April 1902): Her Majesty Queen Sara-Allencea, finding it very difficult to keep her crown balanced atop a 3-foot bouffant, today greeted Queen Lurleen of France, who is on a state visit to just about everywhere. It is noted, for instance, that Lurleen paid a visit to Austria, which was included for reasons of technical completeness. The two monarchs met in an atmosphere of sisterly solidarity and friendship. Lurleen was fetchingly attired in a flowing maxi-dress (Naturally!), and Queen Sara-Allencea was wearing a pants-suit which to best advantage showed off her....ummm, oh, yes, it did.

After a conference lasting hours, the two queens drafted a public statement. A model of diplomatic communication, it read, "The sun is certainly nice and warm today." Sir Humphrey Davy, English correspondent for the Mortuary Times and Groovy Gravey Herald, observed of this communique, "Either they couldn't agree on anything else, or there is dirty work afoot." Dirty work? Queen Sara-Allencea?? Queen Lurleen??? Sir, surely you jest!

TINKERSDAL (23 April 1902): This small kingdom in the lowlands, on the shores of the North Sea, has happily escaped the ravages of German invasions. This is not only because the Germans did not make it into Holland, which entirely surrounds Tinkersdal on the landward side, but because the Germans would have little interest in conquering a country which is in danger of being flooded every time the wind blows. Most of the inhabitants, headed by King Pandabearium XII, spend a good portion of their time at the dikes, obeying the national Digital Flood Control Law. King Pandabearium, still a bachelor at the age of 36, is looking for a bride. However, prospective royal fathers-in-law should take note that life in Tinkersdal sometimes does peculiar things to one. As an example, King Pandabearium's sister, Princess Frieda, became so used to having her finger in a dike that she became a lesbian and went to live in New York.

NAPOLI (5 May 1902): Outside the city here, near the ruins of Pompeii, reporters have located an aged, toothless old crane who has confirmed in private interviews that she is, indeed, the former Empress Lucrezia and Pope John II. Her ex-Holiness, stroking the leg of any reporter that came near her, stated that she had retired from public life and had no



intention of "doing anything about the insipid, goody-goody, gumdrops-and-gingerbread, bleh rule of Sara-Alleneea." Then, stirring up a big black kettle, she changed a couple of reporters into frogs before the rest escaped.

ROME: Peeryitis is coming.

NEW YORK: Hello. My name is John Beshara, and only my hairdresser knows for sure.

JAMUL: Hello. My name is Rod Walker, and my hairdresser is quite certain, thank you.

JAMUL: The County Zoo reported today the birth of the first captive panda bear in fifty years. Hortense, the zoo's female panda, was sent on loan to a well-known zoo near Holland some-months ago to attempt to breed her. According to the other zoo's officials, that attempt failed, but during the four or five hours one day during which Hortense accidentally escaped, they cannot vouch for her whereabouts or activities. All that is known is that shortly after returning to Jamul, Hortense exhibited unmistakable signs of both pregnancy and loneliness. Further, Jamul Zoo directors have yet to explain the diamond ring Hortense wore on her return. There is now a plan afoot to return Hortense and her baby to the other zoo (as soon as the infant is old enough to travel) and to 'see what gives.'

MOSCOW: Tsar Nicholas pledged all aid to the German Empire, if and when it is requested, in the preservation of a German Denmark. Only in stability in Scandinavia is there some hope of peace in Europe.

SEVASTOPOL: Colonel Grand Duke Popogord today entered this fortress city and declared it the Independent Grand Duchy of Sevastopol. He immediately appointed Baron Hauptmann of the Circle Trigon party as Prime Minister, reserving to himself the portfolios of Minister of State, Minister of War, and Ambassador Plenipotentiary. His first act was to establish relations with Sacramento, and to suspend relations with the Jamulian rebels.

SEVASTOPOL: The flag of the Grand Duchy of Sevastopol is white, green circle circumscribed about a solid green triangle. The flag, as befits the Sevastopoliten nation, is not original, having been stolen from a nation known only to me and Brenton Ver Ploeg, who had better not reveal its location. It is reliably reported that this is one of only two flags in the world whose history, meaning, and significance is unknown to the Better Flags and Guidons. (Harry, if you think you know, go ahead and write a press release.) Grand Duke Popogord will only say, "At this time the name of the original nation would be highly inappropriate applied to the Grand Duchy, but just you wait." The flag, by less than coincidence, is also the flag of the Circle Trigon party.

SACRAMENTO: If the Italian player can not figure out the place from whence I stole the flag, I suggest he enquire of Chris Wagner. If the most famous resident of Jamul knows not, I suggest he enquire of Major Scott.

SACRAMENTO: Elements of the First Battalion, 184th Infantry, California Army National Guard, were today placed on alert to prevent the forcible seizure of Sacramento Medical Center by a band of has-been politicians, including Woody Giles, formerly candidate for mayor of Sacramento, and Frank Curran, formerly candidate for mayor of Yellow Cab. It is not expected that it will be necessary to use the Guard, as the dissidents' only weapons are bombast. Head Nurse Garrigus has already conveyed her personal thanks (very physically) to Col. Anderson, the Battalion Commander.



JAMUL: It is darkest night. The clouds obscure the moon and the stars, a blackout has quashed the street lights, no cars are to be seen, and nobody is smoking. (Well, Ver Floeg is, but he's too far away to see.) There isn't a sound to be heard, not even the rustle of leaves. Not even the humming generator behind the meat lockers. Not even the usual frenzied barking of the rabid dogs. Not even the wetback whispers in obscene Spanish. Not even...well, you catch on. Anyway, the totality of the total whole is total. As Schleiermacher would have said, "If at any time you can imagine the utterness of the Pit, you have finally fallen into disrepute with the Deity." (Schelling the Younger was a bit less explicit, preferring to deal-in-much metaphors so obscure and simultaneously filigreed that only a Novalis could have understood them, and even he would have understood them incorrectly, since Schelling was emphatically not referring to making it with thirteen-year-old knock-kneed consumptive chicks.) Schleiermacher, of course, was merely fore-shadowing the National Lampoon, which put it more succinctly: "The only muns that go to Hell are those that Jesus thinks are bum lays...." I wonder what Wittenburg would have thought.

Where were we...oh, yes. Darkest dark, blackest black, unmatched even by a black cat eating licorice in a coal bin, unchallenged even by Muhammad's Temple No. 8. Suddenly a backfire. Then several backfires. Then the unmistakable clang of untold Yellow Cabs groaning up the steep 1% grade into the Brotherton Realty parking lot. Several figures alight. One of them staggers in a reeling stupor...Frank Curran. Another introduces himself to everyone...Tom Hon.

It is the Conspiracy, come to plot and scheme. Sacramento is not long for this earth, mark my words. Voodoo dolls of Dame Garrigus, Colonel Popogord, and Col. Anderson line the walls; a huge idol of Jack E. Leonard towers over the foyer. The plot hatchery is running full-bore. Which isn't a bad pun....

JAMUL: About that flag, Bobbie, what happens if I guess Lincoln High? Didn't think I remembered his middle name, eh? Sycophant!

INTERNATIONAL ENQUIRER, Zurich Edition, March 22, 1902:

"Why is the Teutonic Legion still in Vienna?" This question is still on the lips of Europe. Again I.E. comes to quell the curiosity of its eager readers. Thanks to the unique ability of the able eunuch at Madame Titalias' Vienna villa, "de Resistance", who can read and memorize a document at a half-second's glance, I.E. is able to bring you the following letters, intended probably to be strictly private, but viewed at various times this past winter by I.E.'s employees:

"Dear Russen,

So you finally copped the keys, old chap! I knew you could do it ever since that summer we spent together in New Orleans. How I remember...How well I remember. Enclosed is a list of Austria's position in European affairs which I trust you will adhere to.

Weren't those great times at "Le Maison Chat"? (By the way, I still have a few photographs for souvenirs, you don't look a bit changed.)

Didn't it break me up, though, when you chose to call yourself Cardinal BOOTS! Once a fetishist, always a fetishist, eh, old buddy?

In the trying days ahead as you endeavor to mediate in this dreadful conflict that has engulfed us, I am sure you will do the work of the



Prince of Peace (inasmuch as such work concurs with the position of your old 'tomcatting' buddy).

Attilio"

"Dear Colonel Popogord,

This letter will be deligered to you by a friend of mine from Richmond. It will be accompanied by a goodly pack of those CSA graybacks you folks seem to prefer to the Tsar's rubles.

Though your campaign against the yellow dwarves was not in favor with your monarch, you can be assured that it had my complete support, as well as that of my friends in Richmond who intend that the starry cross will fly always over their Pacific territories.

Now it comes to my attention that not only has His Majesty the Tsar abandoned his duty to protect his people against the yellow peril, but in mistaken preoccupation with the Trans-Scandinavian territories has chickened out in his support of the cause of Christendom against the heathen in Turkey.

Should you consider a 'changing of the guard' at the Imperial Palace, and a 'new jar with the new wine,' you can be sure that this would be supported by Budapest as well as by Richmond. Bobby sends his best, as well as your true friend,

Attilio."

Dear Luria Gal,

I tole you not to fret last fall. So the Teutonic Legion is still in Vienna, I'm using all my clout with ole massa Bob in that big gray house in Richmond, and if you have any trouble you can be sure that the cry "the Rebs are coming" will be heard all over the new world and the old.

I can hear General MacArthur's resonant voice proclaiming as the boys in gray march down the Champs d'Elysses, "Lafayette, I have returned."

Attilio."

CONSTANTINOPLE: Licentious Lurleen Bighole, lotus blossom #69 of the Yukkish harem, today made a pilgrimage to Roma, desperately trying to get some help for her beloved Sultan through a little of the Turkish method. Befouled in her attempt by streets covered with so many flags that the street signs were invisible, she finally made it to the great stone mansion:

"Let's see now," said Lurleen, "I'll just ring this door-knocker -- why, it fell off in my hand! I'll have to beat on the door with my famous rhythm."

Finally she heard steps approaching from within, and a staid butler opened the door. "what's all this brouhaha?" he said. "Brouhaha?" cleverly responded the lotus blossom, oozing-charm and wit, "Oooohahaha," she continued. "Ahahahaha," said the butler, and slammed the door.

"Wait a minute," screamed the frail young girl, desperate for a ploy to get back into the house, "Don't you want your door-knocker?" "I already have one," came from within. "BUT THIS ONE'S YOURS!?" "You see? I TOLD you."



# Chess Nuts by Phil Fuckley

